Hampſhire Election

S O N G.

Tune, "*Lillebulero.*"

I.

TO rob the Freeholders of Hants of their rights,
There a kiſs-mine-arſe club at Winton has met,
Attended by Lords, by 'Squires, and by Knights
Who fancied the County in a ſtring they ſhould get;
But good maſter Roſe
Whate'er he propoſe,
In conjunction with turncoats and many a ſcrub,
Will find Hampſhire again
Can her freedom maintain,
In ſpite of his tools the kiſs-mine-arſe club.

II.

Sir William ſet forth, with a lye in his mouth,
And canvaſs'd as if independant and free;
But if we ſhould ſearch Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South,
There lives not a ſerviler Pittite than he.
A friend of Taxation,
To harraſs the Nation,
Prepar'd as a tool thro' Court meaſures to rub;
But Hampſhire he'll ſee,
Will remain firm and free,
In ſpite of Sir Will and the kiſs-mine-arſe club.

III.

Let orator Wyndham, as pale as a ghoſt,
Come forward all trembling, Sir Will to propoſe;
All ſight of old friends and old principles loſt,
Heigh preſto, the Weather-cock round about goes.
The friends of Will Pitt
He thinks very fit,
Like coarſe manner'd Triſtam, that arrant bears cub;
That the rights of the free,
Well protected can be,
By the Miniſter's tools, and the kiſs-mine-arſe club.

IV.

The laws of Election, they oddly protect,
Who are guarded by miſcreants, and an arm'd mob;
The rights of the land they but little reſpect,
Who by further Taxation, the country would rob.
Then Will Heathcote adieu,
I ſhall ne'er vote for you,
Whoſe promiſes all are mere whipt ſyllabub:
For the rights of the land,
While I live, firm I'll ſtand,
Spite of Miniſter's tools and the kiſs-mine-arſe club.